haps. At least my indecisive character has this advantage: that it is ignorant of regrets. This lack of decision is both an effect and a cause of my fatigue. . . . Perhaps it would be better, then, to stay in Paris.

J shall leave to my friends the trouble of explaining my apathy as disdain and pride.

Only when I see de Max ill and discouraged do I become aware of the great affection I have for him. The day before yesterday in his dressing-room his tragic face seemed overshadowed by fatigue. Forced to act despite a slight overflow of synovia that prevents him from climbing the forum steps, he complains moreover of laryngitis; I confess that I never find him better on the stage than when he cannot use his whole voice. The impossibility of bending his knee also makes him discover several handsome gestures that his lyricism alone would not have invented.

This afternoon, brief attempt at work; finally I decide to go and call on Thadee Natanson. Thanks to an error in the address, I ring at his brother's; hearing my voice, he comes running and immediately his effusive cordiality submerges me. He treats me with a sudden intimacy unencumbered by esteem, which, indeed, is his way of dominating. Despite his smile, his face expresses through his most affable manner only a calm ferociousness. He shows me his paintings, a Monticelli portrait, above all, that is really a remarkable work; then the panels of the dining-room "all carved in solid wood" —then takes me away in his carriage, expressing the hope that I may have some favor to ask him, *lie would be so happy to oblige me/* Going down the Champs-filysees, he stops so that I can admire the former Dufayel mansion, which he has just bought and in which he is having a theater cut out "in

depth'*—a house on which he is spending seven hundred and fifty thousand francs — which, as he says, "is not a trifle/* Moreover, extremely obliging. But with him I don't know what role to act — and yet cannot be natural.

Wednesday, 9 *January*

Good work after lunch and a short siesta. Correcting the translation makes me examine closely my *Prom6th6e* and feel with joy, and in detail, all the qualities of my style.[2] In the whole book there are not four sentences that I should like to change. I greatly admire the work of the Tharaud brothers on their *Dingley, of* which I am reading the excellent rewriting. But to what an extent this reworking several years later

[2] *Le ProwMhee rod enchaine (Prometheus IE-Bound)* of 1899 was translated into German by Franz Blei,